Tearing the *Thracian* ſinger, in their rage?
That is an olde deuiſe: and it was plaid,
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a conquerer.
The thriſe three Muſes, mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceaſt, in beggery?
That is ſome *Satire* keene and criticall,
Not ſorting with a nuptiall ceremony.
A tedious briefe Scene of young *Pyramus*
And his loue *Thiſby*; very tragicall mirth?
Merry, and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That is hot Ice,
And wõdrous ſtrange ſnow. How ſhall we find the cõcord
Of this diſcord?

Philoſt. A Play there is, my Lord, ſome ten words long;
Which is as briefe, as I haue knowne a play:
But, by ten words, my Lord it is too long:
Which makes it tedious. For in all the Play,
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragicall, my noble Lord, it is. For *Pyramus*,
Therein, doth kill himſelfe. Which when I ſaw
Rehearſt, I muſt confeſſe, made mine eyes water:
But more merry teares the paſſion of loud laughter
Neuer ſhed.

Theſe. What are they, that doe play it?

Phil. Hard handed men, that worke in *Athens* here,
Which neuer labour'd in their minds till now:
And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories,
With this ſame Play, againſt your nuptiall.

The. And wee will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnleſſe you can finde ſport in their entents,
Extreamely ſtretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
To do you ſeruice.

The. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amiſſe, when ſimpleneſſe and duety tender it.

Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

Hip. I loue not to ſee wretchedneſſe orecharged;
And duety, in his ſeruice, periſhing.

The. Why, gentle ſweete, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.

Hip. He ſayes, they can doe nothing in this kinde.

The. The kinder we, to giue them thanks, for nothing.
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake.
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble reſpect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I haue come, great Clerkes haue purpoſed
To greete me, with premeditated welcomes;
Where I haue ſeene them ſhiuer and looke pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in concluſion dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying mee a welcome. Truſt me, ſweete,
Out of this ſilence, yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.
Loue, therefore, and tong-tide ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeake moſt, to my capacity.

Philoſt. So pleaſe your Grace, the Prologue is addreſt.

Duk. Let him approach.

Enter the Prologue.

Pro. If wee offend, it is with our good will.
That you ſhould thinke, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We doe not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
Wee are not here. That you ſhould here repent you,
The Actors are at hand: and, by their ſhowe,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to knowe.